

What is Life.

How touchingly sad and true is the following simple picture of human life, without the light of immortality upon it:

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face, and fair,
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate, and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within his laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old time fashioned store.

A little family gathering round,
A little turf-heaped, tear-dewed mound;
A little added to his soil,
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair;
A little stool and easy chair,
A little night of earth-lit gloom;
A little cortege to the tomb.

THE LOST WAGER.

The trunks were all packed and corded, and the carpet-bags piled up in the corner of the capacious, old-fashioned hall.

How melancholy they looked, those emblems of parting and adieu. Not even the merry laughter of the two or three young girls, who were gathered around a stalwart, handsome fellow of about twenty-five, could entirely banish an impalpable something of sadness from the scene. Cousin Jack was going away, the general mischief-maker, torment and tease of the whole family, and Mr. Chester, sitting by the distant window, wiped his spectacles every five minutes, and declared, pettishly, that the type of the evening paper was a terrible trial to old eyes.

"Aye, you may laugh, girls," said Jack, applying himself vigorously to the refractory lock of a portmanteau. "Perhaps you may one day discover that it isn't such a laughing matter. Think of the loss the family is going to sustain in my excellency."

"But you'll come back soon, Jack, dear," coaxed Minnie Chester, the prettiest and most roguish of all cousins, and the one who kept up a perfect fire of practical jokes and girlish tricks at his expense.

There she sat, on the biggest trunk of the collection, her brown curls hanging about her round face, and her eyes sparkling with a curious mixture of fun and tears.

"I'm not at all certain of that, Miss Minnie," said Jack, decisively. "If I succeed in finding a location to suit me, I shall probably decide to settle permanently at Thornville, and turn landed proprietor on my own account."

"Only imagine our Jack a gentleman of property!" laughed Minnie, appealing to her sisters.

"I don't see anything so very ridiculous in the idea, remarked the young man, rather piqued at the amusement of his relatives. "At all events, there's one incalculable advantage that will result from my departure."

"And what is that, Mr. Oracle?"

"The fact that you've played your last trick on me, your tormenting little minx!"

"Don't be so certain of that, Cousin Jack!" said Minnie, shaking her long curls. "What will you venture I don't bestow a parting trick on you yet? Ah! I haven't settled with you for several little pieces of impertinence; but pray don't imagine they are forgotten, sir!"

"My diamond sleeve buttons to your coral necklace that you don't impose on me within the next three months, Minnie," said Jack, gaily.

"Done!" said Minnie. "Girls, you all hear the wager, don't you? I always coveted Jack's diamonds."

"But you won't have them, mademoiselle! How dark it is getting in this cavernous old hall. Shall I ring for lights, Uncle Chester? and, by the way, have you written that letter of introduction to Mr. Thorne?"

"All in good time, my boy—all in good time," said the old gentleman, depositing his huge silver-bound spectacles in their case. "You young men are all in such a desperate hurry. Tell Betty to carry a lamp into the library, girls. And, Minnie, where is my old gold pen? I won't be long about it, and then we will have a nice long evening to gossip over Jack's prospects."

While Mr. Chester sat in his cosy, red-curtained library, revising the letter which he had been writing to his old friend, Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, to the effect that his nephew, John Lacy, was in search of an eligible piece of land, and wished to settle down in that vicinity, and requested Mr. Thorne's aid and co-operation in the selection of the same, Minnie opened the door.

"Papa, there is some one down stairs who wishes to see you immediately, for one minute."

"Very annoying!" said the old gentleman, "just as I was finishing this letter of Jack's. However, I can seal it afterwards. Minnie, suppose you glance over it, and dot the i's and cross the t's; I'm not so much of a penman as I used to be."

And old Mr. Chester pushed back his chair and rose from the antique table to attend to the claims of his urgent guest.

Olive Chester was brushing out the heavy braids of her luxuriant hair before the dressing mirror of her own apartment, two hours later, when Minnie ran in, with a countenance comically divided between dismay and delight.

"My dear Minnie, what has happened?" exclaimed the elder sister, dropping her hair brush and letting all the raven tresses ripple down undecided over her shoulders.

"I've won the diamond sleeve-buttons, Olive! but O! I didn't mean to. What would papa say if he only knew it—and Cousin Jack too?"

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."--CICERO.

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"Sit down, you wild little elf," said Olive, gently forcing her sister into a chair, "and explain this mysterious riddle."

"Well, you know papa left me to look over his letter to Mr. Thorne—and he was detained longer than he expected, almost an hour—in fact, and I couldn't help amusing myself by writing a parody on the letter."

"Yes—you remember somebody was telling us what a beautiful daughter Mr. Thorne had—so I wrote that Jack was in search of a wife, and had heard of Miss Thorne, and wanted to settle in life, and all that sort of thing. In short, wherever papa had written land or estate, I wrote wife. Wasn't it fun?" ejaculated the little maiden, her eyes dancing with *diablerie*. "But you know I never once thought of sending the letter; I only wanted to read it to Jack when I went down stairs. Well, I signed it, with a great flourish of trumpets, and just then who should come in but papa and the stranger. Of course I fled—and when I came back the letter was sealed and safe in Jack's pocket-book, and, Olive, it was the wrong letter."

"It was rather a dim light, and papa's eyes are not as keen as they were wont to be, and my impertinent missive was gone, while the real *bona fide* letter lay there amongst a heap of discarded papers. And I hadn't courage to confess my misdeeds, papa is so opposed to my innocent little jokes—and Jack is off with that indescribable letter! I shall certainly win the sleeve buttons, Olive, but what a tornado there will be, when my mischief leaks out!"

And Minnie looked so bewitchingly lovely in her alternate paroxysms of terror and laughter, that Olive, grave old sister though she was, had not the heart to lecture her as soundly as she deserved.

The crimson sunset of the very next evening shone radiantly into the special sanctum of worthy old Jabez Thorne, of Thornville, Justice of the Peace, and chairman of all the agricultural meetings for ten miles around. It was no scholarly-looking library, like that of his ancient comrade Chester, but a square, light room, with four uncurtained windows, and ornamented with numerous black-framed engravings of prize cattle and giant turnips. He was seated in a leather cushioned arm-chair, looking over the files of an agricultural journal, to find some coveted information on the subject of "phosphates" and "superphosphates," when a servant brought him a card and a letter.

"The gentleman is in the parlor, sir," Jabez Thorne laid aside his newspaper, glanced at the card, which bore the simple inscription, "John Lacy"—then at the letter which purported to be the introductory to that individual.

"How—ha—from my old college chum, Chester, as I live. Remarkable change in his handwriting, but time alters us all. Haven't heard from him in twenty years, and—hallo! what is this? A pretty cool request, upon my word—nephew wants a wife, and has heard that I possess a daughter—has lots of money—wants me to aid him with my well-known experience in such matters. What does the rascal mean?" ejaculated Jabez, the fringe of gray hair that surrounded his bald head standing absolutely erect with indignation. "I'll send Jeffers to kick the impudent young scamp out of the house."

But with a moment's reflection came calmness.

"Well, after all, I don't see what there is in the matter to make me so foolishly angry. Guess I'll see what Mary says. An excellent family these Chesters—and this letter is just like Zebedee Chester—he always was singular in his notions. Rather unlike the ordinary method of coming to an understanding on such matters, but there's nothing like a dash of originality in this world, and if the boy is rich and Mary don't object—At all events I'll see him on this subject."

And Jabez Thorne thrust the letter into his pocket, and strode determinedly into the parlor, where young Lacy was quietly awaiting his appearance. The old gentleman's face was scarlet with embarrassment; he was half disposed to be angry with his guest's cool self-possession.

"I had thought of settling in this vicinity, Mr. Thorne," said Jack, after the ceremonies of greeting had been exchanged, "and understood from my uncle that you had a desirable piece of property you might be disposed to part with."

"Piece of property?" thought the old gentleman, beginning to fire up again; but he controlled his emotion, and only answered, "Really, sir, this is a very strange request. One can hardly be expected to answer definitely upon so very short a notice."

"Certainly not, Mr. Thorne. I have no wish to hurry you," said Jack, politely; "but I am rather anxious to see for myself, and if you will favor me with a brief description of the prominent features of—"

But Mr. Thorne was fidgeting uneasily on his chair.

"What do you mean sir?" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

Jack was rather perplexed at his cav-

alier reception, but he answered, as courteously as possible:

"Why, sir, of course it is not best to be too precipitous on a matter of such importance."

"If this is a specimen of the rising generation," thought the indignant Jabez, "they are about as impudent a set of Jackanapes as I want to see. But I owe something to my long friendship with old Zebedee Chester—I won't turn the puppy out of doors quite yet."

"I suppose it is healthy?" asked Lacy, blandly.

"What is healthy?"

"Your property. Sometimes in these low grounds diseases are apt to prevail, and—"

"Does he expect my Mary has the fever and ague?" thought old Thorne, leaping briskly out of his chair as if an insect had stung him. "I'll send my daughter to you young man—that will settle the business at once."

And before Lacy could express his surprise his choleric host had banged the door behind him and disappeared.

Mary Thorne's astonishment was even greater than her father's had been. She was attired in white muslin, with a bouquet of crimson moss rose-buds in her bosom, and a spray of the same exquisite flowers in her hair, for some rural party or picnic, and at first absolutely refused to enter the parlor.

"What an idea!" she exclaimed, blushing to the very tips of those tiny, shell-like ears. "To be put on exhibition like one of your prize cattle! Let the young man go back where he came from! A pretty impression he must have of the ladies of this quarter of the globe!"

"But, my love, Zebedee Chester is one of my oldest friends, and the young man is really a fine looking young fellow, and rich into the bargain. Go in and talk to him a little while, there's a good girl! I can't stand it a minute longer."

And old Jabez wiped his forehead, on which the perspiration was standing in big beads. And Mary burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"The whole affair is so ridiculous!" she exclaimed.

But she adjusted the moss roses, nevertheless, and tripped demurely into the parlor.

Now if there was a determined point in Jack Lacy's character, it was his aversion to women in general; and if there was any one thing on which he prided himself it was his old-bachelorism. Imagine his vexation and dismay, therefore, when, after a formal introduction, old Mr. Thorne withdrew, leaving him *tete-a-tete* with the pretty creature in white muslin and roses. It was embarrassing enough, particularly as Mary blushed every time he looked at her, and evinced an exceedingly great disposition to laugh.

"Well," thought Jack, "the manners and customs of this locality are rather odd, to say the least of it. I came to consult an old man about purchasing land of him, and he bounces out of the room, and sends his daughter. What on earth am I to say to her, I'd like to know?"

And Mary, glancing shyly in the direction of her companion, came to the conclusion that he had "beautiful Spanish eyes," and a moustache decidedly superior in style to the hirsute adornments of the young gentlemen at Thornville.

Mr. Lacy looked up at the ceiling and down at the carpet, and wondered what the consequence would be were he to escape incontinently through the open French window. That would not be a very dignified proceeding, however, so he resigned himself to destiny by making some original remark on the weather. It had the much-desired effect of breaking the ice, however, and he was agreeably surprised with the arch vivacity of Miss Thorne. Only once did she seem confused; it was when she had been describing a fine grove of cedars that belonged to her father's land, regretting at the same time that he contemplated the sale of it.

"I believe I should like to become the purchaser," said Jack. "Your father has told you that I had some idea of settling here?"

Mary grew scarlet, and murmured some sentence or other. The conversation was effectually checked, and Jack, perplexed at the effect, for which he could perceive no visible cause, rose to take leave.

"Will you mention to your father, Miss Thorne, that I shall call to see him about this matter to-morrow morning?" he asked.

All the moss roses in Mr. Thorne's rose-garden could not have rivalled the hot glow on Mary's cheeks as she fled out of the room without a word of reply.

"Very singular family, this," muttered Jack, slowly drawing on his glove and walking down the broad garden path. "But she is an uncommonly pretty girl—and I shall certainly take a walk through that grove of cedars to-morrow morning, before breakfast."

He dreamed of blue-eyed Mary Thorne that night, and rose decidedly pleased that he should have a reasonable excuse for calling at her father's house so soon.

"I certainly can't be in love!" quoth he, mentally. "But how Minnie would tease me if she thought I was in danger of sneering for not only a farm but a wife."

Old Jabez Thorne was busily engaged nipping the dead leaves off his pet laurustinus with a gigantic pair of garden-scissors, that morning when young Lacy sprang over the hedge and saluted him with a buoyant "good morning."

"Well, sir," he went on gaily, "I have seen the property, and am perfectly delighted. A fine, healthy investment—no disease about it, I'm convinced."

"Hem!" said Mr. Thorne, dubiously. "And I would like to take a second, more thorough inspection in your society, sir, if you please."

"Really, Mr. Lacy," said the old man, sharply, "my daughter has not yet come down stairs, and—"

"What the mischief has his daughter to do with the matter?" thought Lacy, but he said politely:

"Of course I will wait any time that may be convenient to you, sir. I observed a good deal of native roughness, but I cannot doubt that there is a very great susceptibility to improvement. A little judicious cultivation will accomplish wonders."

"Let me tell you, young man," began Mr. Thorne, in a towering rage, but Lacy saw that he had unconsciously committed some arch blunder, and hastened to say:

"In short, sir, I am determined to secure this rural gem at any price. What is the sum you demand?"

Mr. Thorne fairly sat down on the gravel walk, overpowered with the avalanche of wrath which he found impossible to shape into words.

"Upon—my—word—sir!" he began; "you talk as if this was a mere matter of business!"

Jack was puzzled enough. "It is the way in which I have always heretofore been accustomed to treat such affairs, sir."

"Heretofore—you have been accustomed! and pray, sir, how many such little affairs have you had on your hands?" shrieked old Thorne, growing purple in the face.

"O, several, sir. I am not so inexperienced as you suppose," replied Jack, smiling.

"Are you not ashamed to confess it?"

"No, why should I be?"

"Get out of my garden, you young reprobate!" screamed Jabez, leaping up with lightning rapidity. "To come here and offer to buy my daughter, as if she were a patch of potatoes! Go, I say!"

"Your daughter, Mr. Thorne?"

"Yes, my daughter, you Jack-a-dandy!"

"But I'm not bargaining for your daughter. I am bargaining for the land across the river."

"Don't tell me!" ejaculated Mr. Thorne, tugging away at the fastenings of his pocket-book; "your uncle's letter has informed me of your atrocious intention."

"Will you allow me to see the letter, sir?"

Thorne jerked it out of the compartment where it lay, and tossed it angrily towards Lacy. He opened it, and in spite of his annoyance and mortification, burst into laughter at the sight of Minnie's dainty handwriting.

"My dear Mr. Thorne, we are all the victims of a ridiculous mistake," said Lacy. "My uncle never wrote this letter; it is the work of my mischievous Cousin Minnie. The genuine document must have been left behind."

"And you did not come to look for a wife?"

"I came to purchase real estate."

"Whew-w-w!" old Jabez Thorne whistled loud and long, then offered his hand to his guest with a hearty laugh.

"Well, my boy I'm heartily sorry I called you so many opprobrious names, but Mary and I supposed you were after her. I must go and tell the little minx what a blunder we've made."

"Stay a moment, sir," said Jack, laying a detaining hand on the old gentleman's arm as his quick eye detected the distant flutter of Miss Thorne's light dress among the trees; "will you allow me to make the necessary explanations myself? I am not at all certain that after I have selected a home, I shall not enter into business-like negotiations for a charming young wife to preside over it."

"As you please, my lad," said the old gentleman, chuckling. "I'll give my consent, if only to atone for my villainous treatment of you a little while ago."

He resumed his gardening operations occasionally pausing to laugh all to himself, while Cousin Jack sprang up the path to seek Mary.

They were absent a long time—in fact, as old Jabez thought, an unreasonably long time, before he discerned through the dense foliage of the acacia hedges their advancing forms. Mr. Lacy looked exceedingly proud and self-satisfied, and Mary leaning on his arm, with her pretty cheeks flushed, and her lips wreathed in timid smiles.

"What does she say?" roared the pater familias.

"She says she'll consider it!" answered Jack demurely.

A week or two afterwards, Minnie Chester received a neat little package containing the sleeve buttons and the fol-

lowing billet:

"Dear Minnie:—I've lost my wager, but I cheerfully deliver over the forfeited stakes, for I have won something of infinitely more value—a wife!"

COUSIN JACK.

From which we may conclude that the result of Mary's "consideration" was favorable.

"Very Likely."

Considering that the following comes from a British source, it is not very bad. It is going the round of the English railway smoking carriages. For, be it known, in these carriages so much envied by the ladies, social harmony animates the travelers, and they talk just as if they were not reserved first-class Briton.

"This is not a smoking compartment, sir," said an indignant lady, pausing on the step, and glaring at the smoker.

"Very likely," said the smoker.

"You have no right to smoke here, sir; and if you don't desist, I must call the guard," said the lady.

"Very likely," was the reply.

"I shall be choked."

"Very likely."

"Why do you smoke, sir, when I object?"

"Why madam, tobacco is a capital disinfectant, and as I am professionally engaged at Stockwell Small-pox Hospital, I—"

The lady got out. "I feel as if I should faint."

"Very likely," was the last response, as the traveler pulled up both windows to enjoy all his smoke.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, *Harper's Magazine* for November.

Unjust Suspicions.

The other day a Detroit husband went on a fishing excursion with a small party of friends. Returning at midnight he pounded on the door and awoke his wife. As she let him into the hall, she saw that something ailed him, and cried out:

"Why, Henry, your face is as red as paint."

"Guesser n't," he replied, feeling along the hall.

"And I believe you've been drinking," she added.

"Whizzer mean by zhat?" he inquired, trying to stand still.

"Oh! Henry, your face would never look like that if you had not been drinking."

"Mi to blame?" he asked, with tears in his eyes. "S'poken big bass jumped up'n hit me in th' face an' make it red—mi to blame!"

And he sat down on the floor and cried over her unjust suspicions.

The Perseverance of Hackmen.

A tall, portly, dignified citizen of the Quaker persuasion, well known in Philadelphia, arrived in New York the other day, and, having no baggage but a light traveling satchel, was utterly oblivious to the appeals of the hackmen as he emerged from the railroad station.

"Fee—thavavoo Hotel! Fifth Avenue—goin' ritup! Fifth Avenue!"

Broodbrim stalked right on without a word. Another knight of the whip charged down upon him.

"Say Nicholas Hotel! Say Nicholas Hotel coach; this way for the Say Nicholas."

No response from the passenger, and not a muscle moved at this appeal. Then there was a rush of half a dozen.

"Kerridge, sir; kerridge! Wanter ride up!"

"Winsur House! Whose going up to the Winsur?"

"Astor House, sir?"

"Breevort House! Breevort?"

"Metropolitan Hotel!"

"Right down Broadway?"

"Ere you are; kerridge, sir?"

The traveler, looming up like a ten-pin among vinegar cruets, and face as placid as a pan of milk, was calmly and silently moving away from the crowd of jarrives, who looked after him with a something like amazement, when a sudden thought seemed to strike one, who, running after him, seized hold of one of the handles of his traveling bag—

"Deaf and Dumb Asylum, sir! Going right up!"

This was too much. Dignity relaxed into a laugh, and the driver got a fare for a down-town hotel.—*Boston Bulletin*.

The irrepressible Chinaman has asserted himself famously in the Sandwich Islands. Some of the planters there, believing that cheap Chinese labor would be an improvement upon that of the Kanakas, imported a lot of coolies; but many of these, after working a while, managed to save enough money to set up themselves, and now they are competing in all kinds of business with their old masters. It is said there are from 4,000 to 5,000 Chinamen in the island, and that they have not only almost monopolized the retail trade, but some of them do an extensive business as merchants and planters. They marry and intermarry with the natives, and the handsomest half-caste woman in Honolulu is the wife of a prosperous Chinese merchant.

Grape Festival.

T. B. Miner, Esq., (our old employer), gave a grape festival at his residence at Linden, N. J., a few evenings since. The following interesting account of it is taken from the New Jersey Journal:

Friday night a large party of the friends and neighbors of Mr. T. B. Miner, of Linden, assembled, by invitation, at his house.

THE INVITATION.

Our invitation read about as follows: "I should be happy to see you and wife at my house Friday evening at a 'Grape Festival' as I call it. I think my success in producing good fruit is of interest to the public, as I claim to possess some twenty-five or thirty varieties of grapes all raised from the seed and never equaled in quality in this country."

The ideas and associations clustering around this delicious fruit, such as the luscious taste, the rich fragrance, the attractive sight, the vineyards on the Rhine, the wine making, and the growing idea that our country is going to become a large grape growing one, were so rich and tempting that we could not resist the invitation, and so we went.

THE GRAPES.

We found in one of the parlors a large table covered with twenty-five or thirty varieties of grapes, each numbered. Mr. Miner, we may add, is a perfect enthusiast in grape-raising. He was formerly, and for thirty years, a writer and editor of agricultural works, and has raised on his farm in Central New York, a quarter of a million of grape vines.

After an exchange of civilities, the carrying out of the programme of the evening commenced. The gentlemen were seated around the room, and the plates of grapes in order were passed to each for the purpose of testing, the proprietor accompanying the act with an explanation of the characteristics of each of the several varieties.

HOW RAISED.

Mr. Miner has about forty varieties of grapes, and all raised from the seeds. The latter never produces the same kind—that is, the seed of a Concord grape will not produce a Concord, but something entirely different. He plants the seeds in rows like beets: at the first, when the seed sprouts and comes up, the product does not look at all like a grape vine. The first year it will grow about ten inches; the second year he plants them further apart, and the fourth year the vine commences bearing. His experience has been that not more than one-half or one-third of the vines thus raised will bear at all. In planting, any seeds will do.

PRESERVING THROUGH THE WINTER.

As a general thing it pays to cover grape vines through the winter with earth; his plan is to cluster two or three together, pin them to the earth and cover them slightly with dirt after trimming them, which he does in November. They bear all the better for this. He has noticed after a cold winter that vines in an exposed position do not yield well. A dollar spent in burying will pay for itself many times over by an increase of fruit.

TRIMMING VINES.

A great mistake is often made by fruit raisers in not trimming vines more. Mr. Miner's plan is to cut off a part of the young clusters with scissors and thus give the balance the nourishment of the root; he gets larger clusters and better fruit by so doing. The cause of defective clusters is want of nourishment. Leaves are the lungs of the vine and ought never to be pulled off. As a general thing grapes which grow in the shade are the sweetest, and the only reason why the California grape vine grow larger clusters is the season is longer. There is no country in the world, in the opinion of Mr. Miner, that is so fitted for vine raising as this; and this vicinity especially. His vines were started in New Brunswick, had been removed three times, the last three years ago when he came to Linden; he has not manured the soil a particle. Limestone

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Let Your Light Shine.

We would be very happy to hear from our Michigan, Minnesota, California, Oregon, Indiana, Illinois, West Virginia, and other correspondents, whether special or regular. Some of them have been quite regular during the past year, but of late some of them have been a little slow in forwarding communications for the JOURNAL. We do not wish to find any fault, but we would like to hear from them oftener. We would also be most happy to hear from all our subscribers and their friends. Many deaf-mutes who think they can not write anything good enough to put in print, are capable of giving us numerous items of news, which would add to the value of the JOURNAL and be of interest to its readers. We have a column devoted to brief deaf-mute items, under the heading of the "Items," which nearly every one of our subscribers can help us fill up. Those who do not wish to write much, can always think of some "items," which, if they would send to us, would be of some worth to our readers. If you have succeeded in raising a large crop of grain; if you have an abundant harvest of fruit; if your mute neighbor has built a new house, or put up a big barn, or repaired his buildings and improved his premises, or anything of interest to the reading public has transpired, let your friends know it through this paper. If a deaf-mute has met with a misfortune, or has been successful in his trade or profession, let it be known so that his friends may sympathize or rejoice with him or her as the case may be. What our readers might furnish for the use of our columns would oftentimes serve as an answer to a great many mental inquiries of the other readers. Then be communicative and let every one who can do so, add his or her item that shall help fill up our columns with original matters of interest to our readers in general, and to our deaf-mute readers in particular. None of our correspondents or subscribers need fear that their letters will not be in grammatical shape. We always take the liberty to make all proper corrections. Give us the items written as plainly as possible, and we will put them in proper shape for publishing. Verily there is no one that can not send us some information worth printing in the course of a certain period of time. It is one of the greatest blessings of humanity to say something to entertain your fellow-readers.

The Annals for October.

The most noticeable paper in the current number of this quarterly is that of Mr. E. M. Gallaudet on Deaf-Mutism. It is a very readable one and will be treated in the JOURNAL in an article by itself. We have two contributions from deaf-mutes, a short one on "Teaching Deaf-mutes to Read," by Mr. D. H. Carroll, of Minnesota, and another headed "Higher Education of Deaf-mute Women," by Miss Laura C. Sheridan, of Indiana. This may be an encouragement for the pens of other educated deaf-mutes. The opening article is a biographical sketch of the late Charles Baker, Ph. D., with a portrait. There we have a continuation of expoundings of the language of signs, which we pass without comment. Varied extracts from Institution reports and miscellany complete a pretty good number.

Miss Sheridan hopes that the time is coming when either the National Deaf-mute College will throw open its doors to deaf-mutes, regardless of sex, who seek a higher education, or that some establishment will be provided whereby deaf-

mute women can receive the intellectual advantages she assures us many of them crave. There is a kind of education the world is growing to see every woman needs; but it is not found in our female schools, colleges or universities. In the abstract, grave doubts are being entertained by men high in their respective callings, concerning this very high education of women—that is in the sense the term education is used. Volumes have lately appeared, notably Dr. Clarke's "Sex in Education," a perusal of which will throw much light on the question. To particularize: there is doubtless much that might and should be done respecting the "higher education of deaf-mute women;" but it would hardly necessitate a course at the National Deaf-mute College, neither would it require a special institution for their instruction. But we are not prepared to discuss the subject thoroughly at present.

We notice the *Annals* has commenced to use its covers for advertisements, and this is a very marked improvement, giving its friends a new lease of hope for its future.

Personal.

The Foreign Editor of the JOURNAL, Mr. Henry Winter Sylve, was admitted a candidate for Holy Orders in the Protestant Episcopal Church, by the Bishop and Standing Committee of the Diocese of Pennsylvania, on the 1st of July. He will be ordained deacon in a few months.

On the same day, at the Commencement of Trinity College, Hartford, Mr. Sylve received the honorary degree of M. A. *ad eundem*—he being already a M. A. of Yale College. It was at Trinity that he began his college course, in the class of '67.

Trinity College, as was natural from its neighborhood to the American Asylum, the first institution in America, has had intimate relations with the profession of deaf-mute instruction. Among its graduates or students we find the names of two sons of Rev. T. H. Gallaudet—Rev. T. Gallaudet, D. D., and E. M. Gallaudet, LL. D.; two sons of Laurent Clerc—Rev. F. J. Clerc, D. D., and Charles M. Clerc, and Prof. O. D. Cooke, formerly of the Hartford and New York Institutions and now in West Virginia; besides Mr. Sylve. It is worth noticing that all these gentlemen, except the first-named, were members of the same secret society, "Beta Beta." The Rev. Charles R. Fisher, rector of St. Paul's Church, Hartford, so well known as a hearty friend of the deaf, was also at Trinity, in the same class with Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

The New England Deaf-Mute Relief Bureau Swindles.

We are informed, by a reliable correspondent, who should have attended to the matter earlier, that the item, which we copied into our issue of Oct. 7th from the Boston Herald, gives a one-sided view of the subject. The facts are briefly these:

The grand jury of Newport, R. I., failed to find an indictment against WILLIAM ACHESON for collecting money on false pretences because the evidence convinced them that E. N. Bowes, the originator of the New England Relief Bureau, was the person who should have been arrested, Acheson being only a tool in the hands of Bowes. Acheson has suffered two months' imprisonment and had to pay out some five or six hundred dollars, all because Bowes, to save himself from prosecution, induced Acheson not to testify against him when brought to Boston as a witness. The New England Deaf-mute Relief Bureau, so far from being on a *bona fide* basis, is a concern devoted to relieving the pockets of a charitable public of money which is mainly applied to the personal benefit of those who compose the organization. In plain English, it is a swindle; with barely enough appearance of good to deceive people who do not stop to investigate closely.

The character of the men composing it precludes the idea of its being an honest affair, and it is a disgrace to the Boston mutes if they do not take some measures to stop its operations and expose it.

"I Want Out" for the Last Time.

Mr. A. H. Abell, principal of the institution at St. John's, New Brunswick, has favored us with a letter on the subject of the above phrase, to which we alluded some time ago. The letter is entertaining and instructive, and we regret we have not room for its publication. It would have been more appropriately sent to the *Silent World*, in which the first remarks on the phrase appeared; and possibly this was Mr. Abell's intention, as he directed his letter, though addressed to us by name, "Care of J. E. Ellegood, Esq., 711 G St., Washington, D. C." Mr. Ellegood will please accept our thanks for forwarding the letter; and Mr. Abell is respectfully requested, before writing us again, to look at the head of our columns and note the address of the JOURNAL. H. W. S.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY HENRY WINTER SYLVE.

Art Education.

THE STUDIO OF WOOD-CARVING IN THE PARIS INSTITUTION.

M. J. Theobald, a professor in the National Institution at Paris, is giving in the *Bulletin* a series of sketches of the instruction there given in what we Americans call "the shops" or at best "departments of industry," but which he dignifies with the title of "professional education." It must be confessed that the name is more appropriate than ours would be, at least, to the establishment described in his first article—that named above.

Our author begins by referring to the works of art produced by the blind, and the greater possibility of such productions by the deaf, who retain the sense deemed indispensable to this kind of effort. The presumption is shown to have been not unfilled in the past; and in our own days, and in the writer's own country, as instances there are to be seen M. Loston, an early friend of our own Mr. John Carlin, of whom we might say what is said of his friend, that "his reputation was established long since;" M. Princetean, a young painter who, though possessed of a large fortune, is laboring assiduously to win a name; M. Gustave Hennequin, a sculptor of merit, now directing important details of decoration in one of the saloons of the New Louvre; and M. Felix Martin, a young artist, the winner of numerous medals at the School of Fine Arts, whose works of statuary have appeared in all the annual exhibitions since 1864, and whose marble group, "the Slave-hunt," was purchased by the government for the museum of Evreux for 12,000 francs (\$2,400), and has obtained from competent judges the highest encomiums. Others might be named, but these will suffice to show that the deaf are capable of distinguishing themselves in the domain of taste, of fancy, of creative skill, turning the blank canvass or the shapeless marble into things radiant with beauty and glowing with life.

Let us consider what means have been taken by those charged with the care of the youthful mind, to discern the sparks of genius and to cultivate the manual dexterity which may enable the possessor, even if he cannot rise to the level of the distinguished artists we have named, at least, to win himself a reputation and a support as an artistic workman.

The question of mechanical instruction is not yet definitely settled in France, though it has been under discussion since 1856. The same arguments are adduced here, have been urged there on either side. One party desires that the greater part of the short time the pupil can spend at school, should be devoted to intellectual development, since once obliged to earn his own living, he can hardly be expected to continue his studies. The other party, while yielding the first four years to book-learning, claims the last three exclusively for apprenticeship to a trade; these argue that it is of chief importance that on quitting the establishment, the youth should be qualified to make his own way in the world. Various solutions of the problem have been attempted during these twenty years, but they have perfectly satisfied neither the professors who desire to present graduates sufficiently instructed, nor the master-workmen whose ambition it is to turn out expert handicraftsmen.

In the Paris Institution, the importance of each branch of education is admitted, and the attempt is made to reconcile their claims. After the fourth year of their term, the pupils work in the shop which they choose, with the consent of their families and of the administration of the institution.

An unimpaired writer in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, the leading magazine of France—M. Maxime Ducamp—habitually cautious in praise and liberal of criticism, yet speaks approvingly of the manual dexterity and faithfulness to the original, shown by the boys in the studio of wood-carving. This studio is of the most interesting to a visitor, of all the mechanical departments. The excellence attained is justly ascribed to the principle adopted by its chief, M. Rigal. He does not attempt to introduce his pupils, in the short time available, to all the branches of his art. Such a policy would produce, not expert craftsmen, but mediocre workmen; for to achieve excellence in different branches—a feat rarely accomplished—long years of practice, and thorough acquaintance with theory, are indispensable. "Who grasps much, clasps little," says the proverb.

M. Rigal aims first to excite and then to develop that faculty of judging of general effect, and that appreciation of the beautiful, which are commonly called "taste." In this he has valuable assistance from the professors of design, from whom the pupils receive daily an hour's instruction, without interfering with the regular six hours in the studio, and whose department contributes powerfully to success in the other.

The fresh apprentices are first of all exercised in roughly cutting out small pieces into the representation of different objects; the last touches being given by those of the second year. After a year of this introductory labor, they are given tasks requiring greater skill; they generally execute very well mouldings, rosettes, cartouches, etc., which they copy from models in wood or plaster. During their last years, they are exercised in the decoration of articles of furniture, such as side-boards, book-cases, altars and centre-tables; on these they carve the panels, the modillions, the capitals, the cornices. This is done, not as formerly, after a model, but from a design, or even a simple sketch. The pupil thus has an opportunity to display his skill in giving to the various parts their proper proportion and relief, and to the whole the

desired general appearance—a difficulty which is surmounted in a remarkably short time.

In most work-shops of wood-carving, the different ornaments intended for one article of furniture are executed by different workmen, and the whole is fitted together by yet other workmen, in another department. The carvers thus rarely if ever have an opportunity of judging of the effect of their own pieces of work. But when the artist knows beforehand the place to be occupied by the piece he has on hand, he works to better advantage; an instructive feeling guides his hand so as to produce an article which will harmonize with the whole whereof it is designed to form a part. This is merely an advantage to the hearing workman; to the deaf-mute, it is a necessity. There is, accordingly, an accomplished cabinet-maker employed in the studio of carving, whose duty it is to put together the finished work, and adjust to their proper places the separate ornaments coming from the hands of our young artists.

These youths imitate well, it may even be said admirably; but he who imitates servilely and stop by step will never be more than a copyist; the true artist imitates, indeed, but in such a manner as to produce a new effect, of his own determining. Wood does not yield itself readily, as does clay, to the thousand caprices of the hand which is guided solely by the fancy. There is therefore great benefit derived from modelling in plaster, subjects which the pupils do not have occasion to reproduce in wood; making them reproduce the designs first in low relief, then in half and finally in full relief; and teaching them by signs or by writing, the rules governing the degree of projection to be given each part of the subject.

Finally, their power of originating is exercised by allowing them to work, once a week, at some subject of their own choice—a figure, a medallion, or a group—which they have themselves designed. These articles, at the end of the academic year are to be examined by a "jury" who shall determine which shall have the honor of a place in the museum of which we will speak in a moment. It is unnecessary to remark upon the emulation excited among the pupils, and the importance of the results achieved towards the thorough attainment of this art. But it must be understood that this privilege is allowed only to such pupils as display imaginative powers, who have ideas; and the number of such is necessarily very limited.

In conclusion, M. Theobald expresses deep regret that all mementos of those among the pupils of former days who had distinguished themselves by their handiwork, should have perished, and the recollection thereof should exist among the younger generation only by tradition. In fact, the greater number are unaware that many of those who stood at the work-bench before them, had attracted notice by their talent, and had won an enviable position in society.

To keep alive these traditions and to excite a spirit of emulation among the young pupils by placing before their eyes the best works of their former schoolmates, it is proposed to form in one of the saloons of the establishment, a kind of museum in which there shall be permanently placed on exhibition such articles made by pupils as are judged worthy of the honor, and also all works of art produced by deaf-mutes which the Institution is able to procure. The project deserves warm approval; and we may augur well of the results it will produce.

Thus far, M. Theobald, we need add nothing, except to commend the establishment he describes, and above all the principle governing its management, to the serious consideration of our readers, whether they be officers or pupils of an Institution, or men and women grown, striving to make their own way in the world by the practical cultivation of art.

Deaf-Mute Service at Rome.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to hold a service for deaf-mutes and other persons in Zion Church, Rome, N. Y., Monday evening, November 1st next. On the following Tuesday, he will attend a quarterly meeting of the Trustees of the New York Central Institution.

An Enterprising Subscription Agent.

Mr. Thomas H. Jewell, of the New York Institution, has, since last January procured twenty-one subscribers to the JOURNAL, eleven of whom he obtained within the last few days. We are happy to note that of late as an agent—and we presume in his other business also—"his star is in the ascendency." Well done, Tom! we take much satisfaction in noting your activity, particularly in the present instance, because you are proving yourself to be persevering, and doing us a favor besides. Please continue in well doing. To many others, in different parts of the country, we say "Go thou and do likewise."

Proceedings of the Belleville Convention.

The *Annals* is authorized by Dr. Palmer, Chairman of the Publishing Committee, to say that the publication of these proceedings has been delayed by the failure of the authors of some of the papers read at the convention to forward them to the committee. If, however, the papers are not received by the 1st of October, the committee intend to arrange for the publication of the proceedings without them—a course which the JOURNAL, at least, will certainly approve of. Impatience at the delay has been universal among members of the profession, and the cause is one which admits of no excuse. Another instance of the supineness we wish was less marked.

Was it a Hoax or a Blunder?

A postal card was sent to us last week without a signature, requesting us to hereafter send our exchange to the *Silent World* to 92 South Broadway, Baltimore, Md., which would appear that the office of that fortnightly periodical had been removed from Washington to Baltimore. The author of the missive of course meant to hoax us, or else he was too absent-minded to sign his name. We shall continue as usual to send our exchange for the above-named paper to Washington till we have unquestionable authority to do otherwise.

A Case for Sympathy.

LYNN, Mass., Oct. 11.—Mary Welsh, a deaf-mute woman, mother of three children, to-day was taken in charge by the police after an obstinate resistance. She had in her arms a six months old child which had been dead for three days, and which she refused to part with. It is thought grief at its loss made her insane. She threatened to kill herself and the remaining children if the dead child was not restored. She will be sent to the asylum to-morrow.

About Steel Pens.

Few persons doubtless are aware of the fact that the original inventor of Steel Pens is still living. Sir Josiah Mason, now the great pen manufacturer of Birmingham, England, enjoys that distinction. He is now very old, being above eighty. It is in his great factory that several of the most popular of the widely famed Spencerian Double Elastic Steel Pens are made, the models being supplied by the proprietors of the pens, Messrs. Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., the Educational Publishers of New York. The Spencerian Pens have attained their great popularity from a variety of reasons, all of which will be apparent to any one who may try them. Of one number alone more than six millions were sold last year. We use them in our office, and are so well pleased with them that we have no hesitation in saying that they are, in our opinion, superior to any other article of the kind with which we are acquainted. Their chief characteristics seem to be flexibility, elasticity, durability and evenness of point, and a nearer approximation to the real quill action than has been heretofore attained in a steel pen. The Spencerian are comprised in fifteen numbers, all differing in flexibility and fineness of point, and for the convenience of those who wish to try them, Messrs. Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 133 and 140 Grand Street, New York, will send by mail a sample card, securely enclosed, containing one each of the different numbers, on receipt of twenty-five cents.

Meteorology.

The average temperature of the month of September, 1875, at 7 a. m., was 51.30°; at 2 p. m., 66.46°; and at 9 p. m., 52.76°. Mean, 55.32°. Warmest day, 76.50°; on the 3d; coldest, 42°, on the 22d. This has been the coldest September, with the exception of 1867 and 1871, during the past 21 years.

The rain-fall in this section seems to be gradually increasing. On the 16th and 17th we had two inches—the largest amount that has fallen in over six months; while other sections have been deluged, we have suffered much from drought. Rain fell on fifteen days out of the thirty. I annex the rain-fall for September for the past ten years:

Year.	Inches.	Year.	Inches.
1866	7.3	1871	1.2
1867	2.3	1872	3.3
1868	1.4	1873	2.9
1869	3.8	1874	2.5
1870	3.7	1875	4.2

Since the 17th ult. we have had chilly nights and cloudy, rainy days; in fact, the weather-wise folks call this real equinoctial weather.

We have been saved from a killing frost for several nights by the providential spreading above us of a cloud blanket each morning between midnight and sunrise. Looking back as far as 1870, I find the severest frosts of autumn have occurred as follows:

In 1870, Oct. 19; 1871, Sept. 21; 1872, Oct. 24; 1873, Oct. 15; 1874, Oct. 15.

Frosts usually hunt in couples, the stronger behind the weaker, and the morning of the last instant we had a severe frost on low lands, killing all tender vegetation. On sheltered and elevated situations no marks of frost could be observed.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, Oct., 1875.

The immense sales of HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND and TAR proves that the people consider it the only sure remedy for coughs, colds and all pulmonary diseases. Sold by all druggists. Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute.

The Wimple Poisoning Case.

LITTLE VALLEY, N. Y., Oct. 16, '75.

MR. HUMPHRIES.—The trial of Nelson Cool and Emma Wimple for the murder of my son, Charles Wimple, who died on March 19, 1875, from poison supposed to have been administered by them, has just taken place. The jury came into court-room this morning at 8 o'clock, and rendered a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. They were sentenced by Judge Baker, to be hanged on the 26th day of November, between the hours of 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.

H. M. WIMPLE.

—The clothing store of Klock, Crouch and Begley was entered by burglars, October 15, and clothing valued at about \$100 was stolen.

Minor Topics.

California expects to put up 40,000 boxes of dried grapes of her own raisin this year.

The fund for an equestrian statue of General Lee, to be erected at Richmond, now exceeds \$20,000.

The survivors of the Six Hundred who rode at Balaklava are to meet at a banquet in London on the 25th inst.

Even dead letters have some value, as the Government realizes about \$4,000 annually from their sale as waste paper.

A Byron Club, patterned after the famous Cobden Club, and designed to promote amity between Greeks and Englishmen, is to be inaugurated in London this winter.

A northwest African expedition leaves England next month for the purpose of surveying the African coast opposite the Canary Islands to locate a harbor and missionary station.

Augusta, Ga., claims the largest cotton factory in the South; forty buildings are in process of erection, and house to the value of \$350,000 have been completed this year.

The last New Hampshire Legislature enacted a law that the outer door of all halls and buildings used for public purposes hereafter constructed in that state shall open outwards, under a penalty not exceeding \$500.

The mother of the Sultan of Turkey recently secured the release of ninety Mussulman, Turkish and Christian prisoners confined for debt in Constantinople, she having paid their fines amounting to \$5,000.

In the first eight months of this year there were 76,193 arrivals from all sources in California, of whom 40,000 have settled permanently and invested capital in the State, many of them having established colonies.

Gen. T. Barnard, now in London and late of the confederate army, is about to join the insurgents in Herzegovina, it is said, having been invited to a high command. He traveled through Turkey some years ago, and is familiar with the country and the people.

The subterranean gallery of the new St. Gothard tunnel will be 15,000 metres long. It is not expected that the opening will take place before 1880, as the drift advances but seven metres per day, and only 4,500 metres have been excavated so far.

Mr. Walker, a Cincinnati scientist, has allowed himself to be stung once a day for three weeks by bees to ascertain the effect. He says that after about the tenth time the pain and swelling were slight, the body seeming to become inoculated with the poison.

A company of German artisans, engineers, and scientific men has been formed who propose to colonize the Shoa territory, the southern province of Abyssinia, a country abounding in a variety of valuable products. The colonists bind themselves to give the association the benefit of their labor for three years.

Evansville, Indiana, is to have a great educational institution, articles of association for its endowment having been filed on Thursday by Willard Carpenter, an old resident of that city, who settles \$500,000 on the institution, and declares that after it shall have been established, he will make a further gift of \$200,000. Mr. Carpenter's wealth is estimated at \$2,000,000.

The School Board for London has arranged that 200 selected girls shall be taught cookery by the teachers of the National Training School for Cookery at two centres—one in Marylebone and the other at Greenwich. The Society of Arts offers five free teacherships of cookery to be competed for, and the Education Department gives an annual grant to schools on behalf of each girl taught cookery according to the code.

The entire number of cotton mills in the United States is 847, containing 186,975 looms and 9,415,383 spindles, and manufacturing 588,000,000 yards of print cloth per annum. Of these New England has 489 mills, containing 148,189 looms and 7,538,369 spindles, and manufacturing 481,000,000 yards of print cloth per annum. Fall River alone has 43 mills, containing 29,865 looms, 1,258,508 spindles, and manufacturing 331,875,000 yards of cloth, or two thirds as much as the whole of New England. The nominal capital is \$15,000,000, while the actual capital exceeds \$30,000,000.

Resolutions.

The following resolutions were passed at the meeting of the County Council of Patrons of Husbandry, held in this village on the 12th inst.:

Whereas, it is a broadly recognized truth that agriculture is the chief source of our nation's wealth and greatness, thus rendering the interests of the farmer of as great importance to him, to his and to our country as the interests of those engaged in any other pursuits or callings; and

Whereas, those engaged in other occupations organize and combine for their mutual benefit and protection, for their special or peculiar interests, whereby great objects are accomplished and great wealth acquired; therefore,

Resolved, That the Farmers and Patrons of Husbandry of Oswego county, learning lessons of wisdom from those organizations, and believing to successfully compete with them, declare that organization for their mutual benefit is an absolute necessity.

Resolved, That the Organization of the Patrons of Husbandry supplies that long-needed demand which could no longer be delayed with safety to the best interest of those engaged in agricultural pursuits.

Resolved, That we propose no concealment, and have none, in regard to the aims and objects of our Order; and, in short, we proclaim them to be, first, the increase of knowledge upon all questions that pertain to the good of mankind; and, especially to the farmer and laborer; second, the improvement of our social position; third, by bettering our finances by abolishing the credit system by paying for articles at the time of purchase, and of dispensing with all unnecessary agents or middlemen.

Resolved, That we again reiterate the oft-told truth, that this Grange is not a political organization in the partisan sense of the word, yet it would fail to perform an important and imperative duty if it failed to educate its members in the great principles which underlie our Government and the basis upon which it rests. This duty is the more important and binding to the farmer, because the great burden of taxation necessarily falls upon him.

Resolved, That we are the ardent friends of education, advocating the broadest culture possible to attain, and believing that the foundation for this is laid in our common school system, and that it is of vital importance that this system should be such as will enlist the attention and sympathy of the greatest number. We are also opposed to all appropriations of public money for the support of sectarian schools, to all sectarian interference in our common schools, and to the school book monopoly of the present day, as being detrimental to the best interests of education.

Resolved, That while citizens engaged in nearly all pursuits have been compelled to economize in their expenses, our Government has failed to respond to the general demand for economy, and we do here earnestly demand that same economy and retrenchment in the administration of public affairs.

Resolved, That the great increase of taxation has rendered it more necessary to make an equal adjustment of the burdens imposed, and that such property escapes its fair proportion of taxation; therefore we ask for amendment in our tax law, so that real estate shall not be burdened for the protection of personal property.

Resolved, That we demand, as a matter of right and justice, a deduction of exorbitant salaries of the State Government, and furthermore are opposed to high rates of interest and enormous profit in trade.

Resolved, That we proclaim and teach the law of kindness to all and for all, to the highest and fullest extent, and recognizing the fact that courts, like war, are necessarily destructive of property, we earnestly urge the importance of settling all disputes by arbitration, instead of resorting to law.

Resolved, That we contemplate with pride and satisfaction the rapid and solid growth of our Order, and again proclaim that it is our mission to dignify honest labor, and any custom or society that assigns an intelligent laborer to a lower social condition because he or she is a laborer, has our most unqualified condemnation.

J. R. WOODWARD,
E. PALMER,
E. D. CHAPMAN.

County papers please copy.

Caves to be Explored.

The Watertown Times says: Nine men have given in their names as members of a company for a thorough exploration of the Black River caves. The cave on the north side of the river is said to have been explored once nearly two miles, and no limit reached. The cave extends under the river, and the noise of the falls above can be heard in it. There are fine rooms in it and in places it is beautiful with stalactites. The "ice cave," which opens on the south side of the river near Whitley's point, has been explored some distance without finding the end. Between here and Brownville is an entrance to another cave which is known to be quite extensive, and should also receive attention. There are a number of small caves, and probably other extensive ones.

The smallest Bible in the world, just produced by the Oxford University Press, is printed on a tough India paper of extreme thinness and opacity, measures 4 1/2 inches by 2 1/2 inches, is 1 1/2 inches thick, and weighs, bound in lump morocco, less than 3 1/2 ounces. It can be sent through the British post for a penny.

—There is a great demand in town for white kid gloves, and the questions oftenest asked are "Are you going? What are you going to wear?"

New York Institution Notes.

From our own Correspondent.

During the month of September, the weather has been so changeable and rainy that most everybody has had his or her turn in having a cold, that lasted a day or so, but now we enjoy the most lovely sunsets and moonlight evenings with bright sunny days. The institution looks brighter and more cheerful than ever, for Dr. Porter has improved every opportunity and spared no efforts to have everything provided for the health and comfort of the inmates.

The new hospital, which is at a safe distance from the institution buildings, is in complete order and looks very neat and comfortable, being provided with a kitchen range, hot and cold water, bath-rooms, gas, etc., so that in case of contagious diseases appearing among the people of the institution, they may be prevented from spreading by immediately separating all doubtful cases from the rest, in the general hospital and yet they will enjoy all the comforts to be found in a well regulated hospital.

So far the health of the inmates has been remarkably good, notwithstanding the large number of pupils—namely, males, 296; females, 206; total, 502. And they continue to arrive almost every day. The pupils, with very few exceptions, were very prompt and early in returning, and the number of new pupils is unusually large. Some of the little ones are remarkably bright and beautiful, and it is very interesting to watch them when at play, or in the schoolroom, where they improve so rapidly as to astonish their friends and visitors.

Among the visitors this term were Prof. J. D. Pyatt, of Philadelphia, and Mr. McGill, of New Orleans, and three students from Japan who are attending Columbia College, all of whom expressed themselves as much pleased with the general appearance of the institution buildings and grounds, and the progress made by the pupils.

The New York Institution is exceedingly fortunate in having such a Principal as Dr. I. L. Peet, who, born and brought up among deaf-mutes, has devoted his whole life to the noble work of educating them, and having had such an example as his father, the great and good Dr. H. P. Peet, he has done everything possible to improve and invent systems of teaching the young deaf-mutes, who are now making rapid progress in his new system of object lessons, which are giving great satisfaction.

Your correspondent, Civis, in the JOURNAL of Oct. 7th, after giving a very glowing description of the new ventilator and gas burner in the chapel, says, "The painters have left behind, elegant paintings which are almost beyond description." I have been searching all over for them but could not find anything of the kind, and would be much obliged if Civis would tell us where the painters put them; for they certainly are not visible in the chapel, though that is greatly improved by the ventilator and handsome gas burner, but not to the extent that he leads one to suppose when he mentions "elegant paintings."

Outside the institution the grounds look very beautiful, with bright flowers blooming in front, which the ladies of the institution take so much pride in cultivating.

The new road directly in front of the institution is nearly finished, and the contractors will soon be hard at work on the Kingsbridge road—where the gate of the institution opens—which road they are making wider. Saul's Hotel, close by the gate, is now being taken down, while the house opposite, which stood at the forks of the road, as well as several others, has been removed.

On Saturday, Sept. 25th, the Hudson base ball club, composed of pupils of the institution, played a match game with the Brooklyn Burslesque club, and were beaten. But on Saturday, Oct. 2d, they obtained a signal victory over the same club.

On Oct. 9th the Fanwood Literary Association held a meeting for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. The following were then elected: President, T. H. Jewell; Vice Presidents, W. B. Magill and J. W. Conklin; Secretary, S. Sinclair; Treasurer, R. B. Lloyd; Librarian, E. H. Currier; Directors, E. B. Nelson, J. Hogan and H. D. Reaves; Readers, C. W. VanTassel, Z. F. Westervelt, W. A. Jackson.

J. H. Caton, the deaf-mute boy, who lost his sight by the small-pox last November, has returned to the institution and attends school with his deaf-mute school-mates, who show him every attention and kindness. As he is bright, quick to learn, cheerful and patient he is surrounded by devoted friends who do all in their power to make his lot less sad than it would otherwise be. He is happier here than he could be anywhere else, for he has seen all the beauties of the place, knows the way all over the house and remembers just how the faces of his friends looked, but he cannot watch the expressions on the faces before him, nor note the changes made by time and care. So they will be the same to him as long as he can remember what he saw before the world grew dark so suddenly to him.

Last September, as one of the young lady-pupils of this institution was returning to school by way of the Long Island Sound, she noticed on board of the boat a young mute lady and gentleman who, from their freedom in the use of signs, appeared to think they were the only deaf-mutes present. Our friend being alone and a stranger to them, did not like to let them know she, too, was deaf. So she was entertained by seeing them tell the whole story of their recent elopement, and from the way they spoke she judged they were from a certain institution in another State. Among the remarks they made are the following:

Bride—"Oh what will mother say when she finds I have run away and married you? She will never forgive me."

Bridegroom—"Never mind what she says; she will forgive you and we will

all be friends again, and if she does not you need not care, for I have got plenty of money and can take good care of you."

Bride—"What will they say at—," mentioning the name of the institution where they were educated.

Groom—"Never mind them; it's no affair of theirs. They may make a fuss, but it will soon blow over."

Bride—"Oh, do look at that girl opposite (meaning our friend), how green she must be to stare at us so."

Groom—"Never mind her, she doesn't know much, and you are twenty times prettier than she is."

Bride—"Let us go and visit the New York Institution for Deaf-mutes next week, I must see it, for it is so celebrated, and is worth seeing."

Groom—"Oh, yes, but we need not let them know that we are newly married, but let them think we have been married two or three years."

At supper the bridegroom ventured to ask our friend in writing, "When shall we arrive in New York?" and she replied in the same way, "At seven o'clock in the morning," at which hour they separated without discovering that our friend was deaf and not so green as they supposed. C.

The Central New York Institution.

ATTENDANCE FIFTY-TWO.

Affairs connected with this institution are flourishing as usual. Our new house is rapidly approaching completion, and when it is ready we shall have more system and more accommodation. Meantime the work of the school is by no means interrupted. Each pupil gets his quota of excellent instruction, the physical as well as the mental. Every day, unless the weather declines to be propitious for the occasion, the play ground is in much demand, and it is a pleasant sight to see boys and girls returning therefrom with cheeks glowing in crimson with the fallen leaves over which they gaily tread. Principal Johnson and Prof. Selinay sometimes swing the bat and chase the ball, and doubtless profit by the exhilarating exercise. Anyway neither show any lack of energy, nor for the matter of it, does any officer connected with the school.

The city of Rome is an admirable location for the institution. Easy of access from most parts of the State, its internal advantages are many and marked. Its census total, eleven thousand, is just the size proper. There is not too much of the city hum and buzz, crowd, flurry and confusion; nor on the contrary is there anything of the village desert and monotony. It is simply the happy mean we often hear of; but seldom find. The situation of the institution buildings is a mile away from all railroads, so no running over of pupils is to be feared. Water there is in proper places, but no body near abouts large enough to drown a cat. And this reminds me that Mrs. Johnson lost a nice little pet kitten recently; lost, strayed or stolen, or among the numerous mysterious disappearances are the various verdicts; but certain it is she was not drowned. Save your sympathy, reader—another cleaner, sweeter, duck of a kitten trots around the house and is found snoozing among the folds of your overcoat, if you leave it lying conveniently on a sofa.

But to return to the city. It is pleasant to walk along its broad and lengthy streets, all well graded and profuse in shade trees. Nor need you fear for your boots or the blacking thereon. The streets of Rome have about the best flagging of any city of its size in the United States. So Prof. S. does not complain of his walks to and from his hotel on the score of mud and wet, but he does growl at the distance. Then what lovely drives lead to and from neighboring towns. They are not neglected you may be sure.

A little girl came yesterday. Mary Johnson is her name. Her father, living in Madison county, happened to see the institution mentioned in his paper, and sensible like all the Johnsons, he didn't stop to make a round of inquiries, but brought the little one right along, and she is now happy with her little play-mates. We have a little one here, who, in features and characteristics of mind, bears a striking resemblance to Miss Tillie Freeman, whom many of your readers will remember. She has just such hair, and just such eyes, which latter is saying a good deal.

Several additional gentlemen have become life members of the institution during the month. Our attendance at this date is fifty-two. C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1875.

Hartford Notes.

(From our own Correspondent.)

MR. EDITOR:—It has been some time since I have sent you a communication, and I doubt not some of your readers are wondering at the long silence of Old Hickory. Well, I will take up my bugle and begin to blow, although faint may be the sound thereof.

The school term reopened on the 9th of Sept., and there were present then 103 boys and 54 girls; the number has been increased by fresh arrivals, and now we have 220 pupils—about the usual number. Thirty-five new pupils have been booked.

In the intellectual department there has been one change. Miss Larned finding that her strength would not permit her to continue her avocation, resigned her charge at the close of the last school term. A sister of Mr. Job Williams has been appointed teacher, and assigned to the juvenile department.

Mr. Williams is in rather feeble health this term and is obliged to stay away from his school, although he is anxious to return to the duties of his post. His accomplished and beautiful wife seeing his condition assisted him by taking his place as teacher for a time.

Prof. R. S. Storrs has not been here yet, and as he had not been in very good health for a while, it is probable he is detained on that account for the present.

In the mechanical department there has been but one change; Mr. Lewis, master of the cabinet shop, resigned at the end of last term, and in consideration of his worthiness he was placed upon the retired list with a \$500 gratuity. Well done, faithful steward! take thy rest on earth.

Mr. Smith is now master of the cabinet shop, and the work is pushed on with renewed vigor.

The 29th of September being the anniversary of the birth of Prof. D. E. Bartlett, a cheerful company of his neighbors met at his house in the evening to congratulate him upon his 70th birthday. Prof. Bartlett is well known to many of the readers of the JOURNAL, and I presume they would be pleased to hear something from their former teacher, who, though advanced in years, yet is still active but not strong.

Miss Maggie Allen, a graduate of the American Asylum at this place, has been chosen assistant matron in the Columbia Institution, the situation having been rendered vacant by the resignation of Mrs. James Denison. Miss Allen is a sister of Mrs. Wm. H. Weeks. Her many friends wish her success in her new avocation, and they hope that her appointment will prove satisfactory.

Mr. C. A. Tourlet, for several years in the employ of the National Screw Co., of this place, has severed his connection with the company on account of its removal to Providence, R. I. In consequence of this change in its location, several hundred hands were thrown out of employment. Mr. Tourlet is so fortunate as to own a farm, lately bequeathed to him. And it is a pleasure to state that by his industry and frugality he had laid up considerable money, which will be serviceable to him. His address is East Thompson, Conn.

Mr. William L. Bird, of our corps of instructors, married the fascinating Miss Gertrude Emerson, at the residence of the bride's parents, at Deenby, Vermont, on the 7th of July. They are now pleasantly situated not far from the American Asylum, and may they live not only to enjoy the feasts of wedded life, but to be useful members of society.

A Miss Morrison, of New Hampshire, bequeathed in her will \$500 to the New England Gallandet Association. Though the association has long been in existence it was never incorporated, by legislative enactment, and it is doubtful whether the \$500 will come into its treasury. The officers of the association have therefore appointed Mr. Thomas Brown, of West Henniker, N. H., to receive the bequest. Some deaf-mutes in Boston have an eye to the bequest and are in hopes that it will fall into the treasury of the Deaf-mute Relief Bureau, which has lately been organized and is reported to be under way. But it is the hope of all good men that it will not fall among thieves.

William Acheson, who was arrested in Newport, R. I., and indicted for obtaining money under false pretences, was liberated on the ground that no satisfactory evidence could be presented against him. He only proved to have been accessory.

OLD HICKORY.

Toronto Notes.

A very interesting and successful party came off on the 7th of October, at the residence of Mr. John Needham. Almost all the guests were deaf-mutes. A few speaking ladies were present. At the conclusion of the dancing, which was under the management of Mr. John Allan, Mr. John Ward, jr., formerly of Brooklyn, N. Y., delivered in the sign language an able and interesting address, suitable for the occasion. It was listened to with marked attention.

Erratum.—In the article in the JOURNAL of September 23d, on the "Marriage of Deaf-mutes in Toronto," the name "Wood, jr.," should have been "Ward, jr." The communication was sent by Mr. Richard Slater, a deaf-mute.

TORONTOFOLIO.

Little George W. Bouton.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11th, 1875.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—It will be remembered by some of the readers of your paper that on the 22d of February last a brilliant company assembled at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bouton, in honor of their infant son, George W. Bouton, grandson of William M. Genet. Since then he had grown to be a very interesting child, being quick to learn and, really, a handsome boy. In August last, he was taken sick with cholera infantum, and, by the advice of physicians, was taken to the country residence of Mrs. J. R. Burnet, at Northfield, N. J. Instead of improving, he rapidly grew worse, and on the morning of September 16, his spirit left the clay and flew to the arms of Jesus.

The remains were brought to Harlem, and the funeral took place Sunday, Sept. 19, at 1:30 P. M., the Rev. Dr. Gallandet officiating. The discourse was simple, touching and beautiful. The remains were then viewed for the last time. As one and all looked into his little rosewood coffin, where, arrayed in a soft robe of swiss muslin, with a profusion of rare flowers around him, he was taking his last repose, they could not but note the sweet and peaceful, yes, angelic smile of the little innocent, who seemed to say, "Do not mourn for me, I am happy." The body was taken to Wood Lawn Cemetery, and laid by the side of his grandmother, the late Mrs. W. M. Genet, who went to her heavenly home about two years ago.

We sympathize with the bereaved parents and friends in their loss. May they ever be able to say in sincerity, "The Lord's will be done; He giveth and He taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Mr. George L. Reynolds has, undoubtedly, the privilege to send a letter of correction concerning any mistakes your correspondent here may accidentally make. But I question his right, in so doing, to attack the Sunnyside Social Club, of which your correspondent happens to be a member. And I would be pleased, hereafter when he makes corrections, if he would leave the Club alone, at least, so long as his remarks have reference to myself. It is not in good taste to make a side issue of the Club question, especially as it is one which, I think, he knows very little about. I do not court a personal controversy, and hope he will not force it on me. CIVIS.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1875.

Statement from Business Men.

TO THE PUBLIC OUTSIDE THE CITY OF SYRACUSE.

The undersigned, some of the business men of Syracuse, assure the public that at no time has there been any danger of the Small Pox in the business portion of our City, and no Churches, Halls, Hotels or business places, have been closed, and no Schools, except temporarily in a remote part of the City, which are now open.

The disease is under thorough control—every place where it exists is under strong guard, allowing no intercourse with the outside. The main business portion of the City has been free from the first and is now entirely free from it; the principal avenues leading to it are also free from it.

In confidence and upon our character as honorable men, deeply impressed with the importance of what we say, we declare it as our conviction that there is no danger in visiting the business portion of the City, and at least three-quarters of our City, where there is no case of this disease.

Dated Syracuse, October 8th, 1875.

D. McCarthy & Co.; Kent & Miller; David Stevens & Co.; Calvin S. Ball, Jr.; A. Ramsey & Bro.; S. P. Pierce & Son; Everson, Frisselle & Co.; Pierce & Heagerty; Merchants National Bank; Filer & Smith; E. B. Croft & Co.; Corville & Morris; John H. Mann; H. G. Stone; Riche & Mayelle; Burhans, Black & Co.; Fort & Butler; Connolly Brothers; Mechanics Bank; T. B. Fitch, cashier; J. Dean Hawley; Loose, Kauffman & Co.; C. W. Snow & Co.; Townsend & Grant; J. W. Stone & Co.; E. B. Griswold; Wadsworth & Gunn; Ash & Cole; Brown & Elder; R. G. Wynkoop & Co.; D. Valentine; Louis Windholz; Becker & Lathrop; Wilkinson & Co.; Morris & Co.; Poole & Hawkins; S. D. Richardson; Chas. J. Johnson; Fowler & Lyons; E. F. Rice; N. Peters, Bro. & Son; E. McDugal; C. E. Candee, Candee House; C. W. Sherman & Co.; W. B. Herrick; E. G. Robinson; R. M. Beecher; W. P. Sabey & Co.; Bagg & Searls; Frank Martin; A. A. Cook; T. W. Durston & Co.; G. B. Pratt; I. H. Leyden; Merriman & Gregory; Broughton & Babcock; Bradley, Parshal & Co.; Hier & Aldrich; B. W. Soper; L. Schilling; Wm. Baumgrass; Swarthout, Ackerman & Co.; W. S. Peck & Bro.; M. C. Palmer & Co.; D. & J. Leslie; G. Thalheimer; J. R. Whitlock; John L. Cook & Sons; Dickinson & Austin; Van Wagener & Brodhead; P. J. Brumelkamp; P. R. Brewster & Co.; F. Wolf & Bro.; S. C. Hayden & Co.; S. A. Seager & Co.; J. W. Yale & Co.; Pense & Plaisted; Mathew Murphy; Milton S. Price.

Thousand Island Park.

The Watertown Times of Thursday says:

Pursuant to a call of the Thousand Isl. and Camp Meeting Association, a meeting of the trustees, stockholders, lot-holders and others was held Tuesday and Wednesday, at Thousand Island Park. Parties from New York city, Utica, Syracuse, Rome, Watertown, and many other places were present, several of which purchased lots. All of the officers of the association were present with the exception of Hon. Albert D. Shaw and E. Remington. A great amount of business was transacted by the board of trustees in the way of auditing accounts, settling many matters of business and making new plans for the future.

A resolution was passed authorizing Civil Engineer Frank A. Hinds, of Watertown, to survey and lay out into lots this fall an additional portion of the grounds, which will be offered for sale at some future date. New avenues and streets are to be made, which will add very much to the appearance of the park. Since the close of the camp meeting last summer, extensive improvements have been made, and others are in process in the way of opening the streets and avenues, and digging sewers, &c. Eighteen lots were sold at this meeting, making the total number now sold 397. According to the report of the treasurer, the Association was found to be in sound financial condition. The total amount expended for improvements by the association is upwards of \$20,000. The amount for which lots have been sold is about \$22,000. A committee consisting of Messrs. J. F. Moffett and Frank A. Hinds, of Watertown, were appointed to revise the schedule of prices of lots, and to advance the price on those remaining unsold from five to fifty per cent., as they in their judgment deem advisable.

The board adjourned to meet at Watertown, at their annual meeting, the second Tuesday in January.

—The Freshman Class of Hamilton College, the Utica Observer says, has left that institution because three of its members were suspended for hoisting a carriage to the top of the observatory tower in which Prof. Peters has discovered so many asteroids.

News of the Week.

Courtney rowed two miles in 13 minutes 14 seconds, at Aurora, Wednesday, the best single scull time on record.

The cotton crop is estimated at 3,850,000 bales.

The London papers unanimously express satisfaction over the October elections in that country.

Turkey and Servia are diminishing their forces on the Servian frontier. Mr. Thorn, emigrant agent for Quebec, was instantly killed, Thursday, by a piano thrown from a burning building.

A colored picnic party from Brooklyn was assaulted by whites, Thursday, and Samuel Jackson killed and Henry Thompson fatally injured; seven arrests were made.

The St. Louis whisky ring offers to compromise with the government for \$35,000, which it is not likely the government will do.

Four Chippewas traveled four weeks, from Minnesota to Washington, to complain of their agent; they were told to return.

A party from Cornell University has dug up the skeleton of a mastodon at Lisle, Broome county, in a well preserved condition.

John T. Huss, cashier of the First National Bank of Tiffin, Ohio, committed suicide, Friday; he was a defaulter.

The Turks have defeated 2,000 Herzegovinians; seventeen insurgent villages have submitted.

Bishop Littlejohn has gone to Europe. The Unsalla Indians in Oregon are growing troublesome.

At Senatobia, Missa, a political quarrel between J. H. Cooke and B. McHenry terminated in the death of the latter from knife wounds.

James S. Hastings, of Michigan, succeeds Sayville as agent at the Red Cloud agency.

At St. Pierre, in British North America, October 4, a millionaire, Francois De L'Escate and six members of his family were murdered, and the mansion robbed of an immense amount of money.

The Bravarian ministry has resigned. Prof. Tanney has arrived at Cheyenne, and reports the gold yield in the Black Hills equal to from \$3 to \$5 a day.

Hayes (Republican) has been elected Governor of Ohio by about 4,000 majority.

Prof. W. P. Jenney, Chief of the Geological Expedition to the Black Hills, has returned to Cheyenne, and reports finding gold in paying quantities in the region explored.

The report of the Red Cloud Investigating Commission acquits Delano and Commissioner Smith, but severely criticises the present Indian system.

Ex-Senator Chandler has accepted the appointment of Secretary of the Interior. Russia completes the impoverishment of the Russian nobles by compelling them to sell their farms to Russian tenants.

At a banquet given to Thiers, Sunday, he declared himself unequivocally in favor of a republic and a liberal and modern system of education.

In Fayette county, Ga., on Sunday, a mob took from jail and hung Clark Edmondson, a negro outrager.

The post office at Myerstown, on the Lebanon Valley railroad, Pa., was robbed, Saturday night, of all its contents.

—Alena E. Coons, a maiden lady, aged 47 years, residing at Oswego, committed suicide by taking laudanum, October 13. Before her death she also administered morphine to her mother, who was rescued by medical aid. Miss Coons resisted every effort to cause her to accept an antidote. She was urged to commit the act by the fear of pecuniary losses.

—Mr. Isaac Clark, an old and respected citizen, whose family lives about two miles south of Fulton, committed suicide by hanging himself to a rafter in the carriage house on his premises last Saturday morning about ten o'clock. A coronor's jury being summoned, gave a verdict of his laboring under a fit of temporary insanity. He was 67 years of age.—Osw. Palladium.

—On Sunday morning last, Rev. Avery Walker, of Gloversville, N. Y., occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, and preached a very able and interesting discourse upon the "Doctrine of Divine Providence." In the evening a union service was held in the M. E. church, on that occasion Mr. Walker's topic was Encouragement, which he illustrated by many striking and beautiful incidents.

—On Saturday last as Mr. Cyrus R. Erskine, accompanied by his wife and child were walking along the lake shore near the mouth of Sandy Creek, they came to the remains of a human being that had been washed ashore. There was nothing remaining save the middle portion of the body extending upward sufficiently to take in ten of the vertebra and down to the knees.

Some of the flesh was still clinging to the thighs, and this, Mr. Erskine thinks, is an evidence that the body could not have been in the water more than three or four months. Who was it and who will take the mutilated remains of the unknown and give them decent burial?—Pulaski Democrat.

A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.

A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 29th next. Dr. Gallandet will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock P. M., at which time it is hoped the bishop will also be present. In that event an opportunity for confirmation will be offered to any who may desire it. At the conclusion of the church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to Mayo's Hall and participate in the enjoyments of the festival which will extend through the evening. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that none shall lack. Everything will be done to make this the "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements as well as games, and, we hope, will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes, both near and far.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to so increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

DEPARTMENT EVERY WILL BE MADE AS COMPLETE AS POSSIBLE. BUT THE PATRONS OF THE JOURNAL MUST REMEMBER THAT A PAPER OF ITS AIM WILL ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.

We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

HENRY WINTER SYLE, A. M.

Who needs no introduction to our readers.

HIS NAME IS A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE THAT THE DEPARTMENT WILL BE COMPLETE AND RELIABLE.



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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Children in Heaven:

Would heaven be heaven if there were no children there? Their presence on earth makes heaven here sometimes—make it so perfectly that we can but realize how desolate would be the future life without them. As well imagine it without flowers, stars, music, love, as imagine it without the fairest flowers, the sweetest love of all.

Often when we are happy to the heart's core, with our darlings clasped in our arms, pity comes like a strong tide for the desolate mothers, and a marveling if death will not be to them the gate of pearl through which they shall see their lost children come springing to their arms—the gate of perpetual morning; and when our darlings are snatched from us, and our only joy is that hope which springs from death, like a white flower from a grave, we marvel with intense search about the life of children there beyond the veil, and long to pierce the darkness that separates us, with a longing enough, it would seem, to be its own fulfillment. For of such is the kingdom of heaven, we say; and we can know no more about it. We can only know that for them trouble and pain are over. We sit in the shadow and sigh; they are in the eternal sunshine. Some great passing messenger of God has looked on our darling, and said:

"What hast thou to do with sorrow, Or the injuries of to-morrow? Thou art a dew-drop which the moon brings forth, Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks, Or to be trailed along the soiling earth; A gem that glitters while it lives, And no forewarning gives, But the touch of wrong, without a strife, Slips in a moment out of life."

Both religion and poetry have felt and acknowledged the power of such emotion as that with which we long to penetrate the mystery surrounding the dead child, the little helpless being that has left our arms, and that we cannot imagine able to do without us; and in all times the genius of art has recognized the necessities of the heart. Look at that Madonna of Murillo's, with her foot upon the crescent moon, and the clouds of the upper sky rolling round her, the outlines of every rolling cloud breaking up into an infinity of baby faces; look at some Madonna of Raphael's with worshiping children forming the very air about her—does not art feel thus the demand of nature, and is not sound art the interpretation of nature, that is, of truth? And does not a demand that is universal bring its own fulfillment? Look again at those cherubs of Raphael's, the two that have taken the world's fancy particularly; little democratic souls leaning their dimpled elbows on the celestial ramparts, as if all the glory above and behind them were too familiar a sight to move them to any special wonder; you will find them in almost every house, in paintings on the wall, in prints within a book, enameled on a brooch, carved over a mirror—living illustrations, as it were, of the want answered in every one's heart, the acquiescence given by every one's reason.

At first those of us who have lost these treasures that we had indeed laid up on earth, and that made earth so bright, are able to feel nothing but the agony of our loss; but when the wound is less sore, the smart less tingling, under the slow and gentle healing hand of time, we are able to be thankful that we had even the short period of bliss held in their little lifetime, are able to cry with the poet:

"Oh, when the moon grows slowly dim,
And when the dews are nearly spent,
One glow of light these eyes will bring,
Only to think she came and went!"

And then at last we receive a vivid consolation in the thought of the dear things lost here, but found there; we take a positive pleasure in dwelling on the thought of our darlings in that divine air which we can only locate as somewhere in the upper calm which reigns above the clouds and winds; of the little ones so acquainted with the splendors of heaven that it is but home to them, while, well contented in the fostering care they have, they look out as happy children look from their earthly windows. Our castles in the air, whenever twilight comes, are of the moment when they shall greet us with the old glad cry, sweeter music to us than any strain of the angels' song.

Ah, no, indeed we cannot portray heaven to ourselves without the multitude of children there, disporting themselves still with some of the old earthly pleasures; for being of the earth yet ourselves, imagination uses earthly attributes: children tumbling here upon beds of roses standing here with their gold crowns on their heads, and waving their little martyr's palm, marching there under a shining cross through ranks of lilies only less white and pure than they; children clustered together and singing their hymns of praise; children gay with laughter—children's laughter, that richest, sweetest sound in all the great music's sphere of sound!—*Harper's Bazar*.

The colored parson of a Georgia church gave out a hymn which did not accord with any tune known to the congregation. An old darkey in the corner rose up and said: "Parson, I'm pretty sartin I kin reach to both ends o' them verses." "Brudder Jones will raise de tune," and the old man gave out a series of shrieks to outlive a caliope with a drunken engineer. "Hold up, brudder," cried the frantic preacher; "de singing will be adjourned to the next meeting."

At the commencement exercises of Abbott Academy, Andover, Mass., Prof. Smith told the young ladies that while he was not "prepared to send them forth as captains in the social ship, there would never be any difficulty in their finding situations as first mates."

Facts and Fancies.

Maine has 14,000 Good Templars, distributed among 175 lodges.

Is a machine-girl much better than a hand maid? Yes; sew-much.

John C. Calhoun's last surviving child, Mrs. Clemson, died a few days ago at Pendleton, S. C.

They pay school marins \$1.25 per week in Wisconsin, but whether they "find themselves" is not stated.

It is said that when a girl is born in Indiana the unhappy father begins to save money to buy a piano.

The London Board of Trade has just placed a police boat on the Thames to protect seamen from river thieves.

A young lady who had no time to sew for the hospitals spent three weeks embroidering a blanket for her poodle.

Franklin Pierce was only one President who went out of office with a Cabinet as originally appointed.

A special credit of 17,797,000 florins is demanded this year by the Austrian Minister of War to provide the army with new guns.

Admirers of royalty paid last year \$16,565 for the privilege of inspecting the British crown jewels in the London Tower.

Why is a doctor better taken care of than his patients? Because, when he goes to bed, somebody is sure to rap him up.

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor the other day. "Right over there," said the boy; "taint nowhere else."

Objection is made by a Western critic to female barbers "on account of the disastrous shave which Mrs. Sampson gave her husband."

Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it was betrayed. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

Mr. Norton, a Texas editor, has whiskers three feet long, and his wife has begged and begged of him to cut them off and let her have them for a mop.

A handsome youth being questioned by a rather stylish lady as to his occupation, replied that he was "an adjuster of movable alphabets." He was simply a printer.

"Love is blind," said Miss Mary E. Chaney, the banker's daughter of Sedalia, Mo., as she marched up to the altar and allied her hand and fortunes to those of the blind leader of the town band, despite the strenuous opposition of her parents.

It was an old bachelor who declared that the conventional representations of a cherub was his idea of a model infant. "No nasty little lumps to scream with, no dirty little hands to meddle with, no horrid little feet to run about on—just a dear little pair of fluffy wings and a head."

In New York, last week, Louisa Heuser, a pretty girl of fourteen, attempted to commit suicide by drinking a quart of a pint of red ink. This sounds ink-red-ible, but it is true. The physician didn't order her to a sheet of blotting pad, because he didn't think it would be write.

The question is again agitated, "Shall women be permitted to pass the hat in our churches?" A few years ago, when hoops were in vogue, the ladies couldn't "pass a hat" in the aisle without dragging it up the pew they entered. But the present style of dress permits them to pass the hat easy enough.—*Norristown Herald*.

A resident of Detroit who had a charity cherry tree in his yard, borrowed a stone dog and placed the imposition at the foot of the tree to scare away any bad boy who might want a feast of cherries after dark. He was flattering himself that he had a dead sure thing on the boy, when a few mornings afterwards he went out to find the legs and tail broken off the image, and the body sticking in the ground labeled, "This 'ere dog feels sick." So did the citizen.—*Free Press*.

Political orators in the West indulge in some high-flown asseverations in regard to their firmness of principle. The following is a moderate specimen: "Build a worm fence around the Winter's supply of Summer weather, skin the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon, catch a thunder-cloud in a bladder, break a hurricane to harness, ground-slice an earthquake, lasso an avalanche, pin a napkin on the crater of an active volcano—but never expect to see me false to my principles!"

A Deaf-Mute Festival at Mexico.

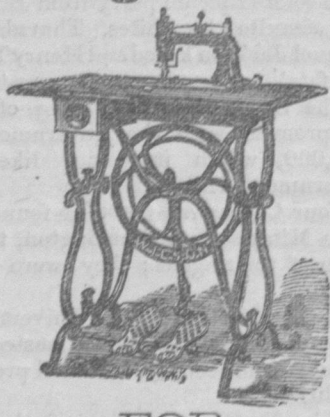
A festival under the auspices of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association, will be held in the village of Mexico, N. Y., on the evening of December 29th next. Dr. Gallaudet will hold a service for deaf-mutes in Grace Church at 7 o'clock P. M., at which time it is hoped the bishop will also be present. In that event an opportunity for confirmation will be offered to any who may desire it. At the conclusion of the church service, the deaf-mutes will proceed to Mayor's Hall and participate in the enjoyment of the festival which will extend through the evening. An abundance of substantial refreshments will be provided so that none shall lack. Everything will be done to make this the "star festival" of the season for the deaf and dumb. The night will be passed in innocent and healthful amusements and games, and none, we hope, will have occasion to regret being present. A general invitation and hearty welcome are extended to all deaf-mutes both near and far.

Sleighting will soon be here, and doubtless many are thinking of buying new cutters and sleighs. Geo. Penfield would like all such to visit his establishment, near Toronto Mills, before purchasing elsewhere. He feels confident that he can suit them in style, workmanship and price.

See those wonderful Galvanic Electric Razors, \$50.00 worth sold in 4 weeks. Shaves itself. At COBB BROS.

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Send for Circulars, Price List, &c., and Copy of the Wilson Reflector, one of the best Periodicals of the day, devoted to Sewing Machines, Fashions, General News and Miscellany.

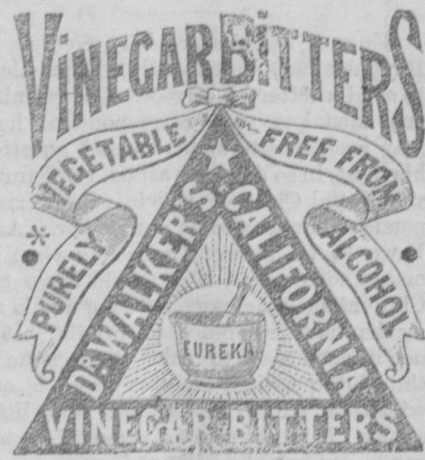
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Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of WALKER'S BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of WALKER'S BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion of the Liver and the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of Dr. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Purgative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim WALKER'S BITTERS the most wonderful "Remedy" that ever sustained the sinking "Remedy."

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other poisons, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Inter-mittent Fevers, which are so prevalent throughout the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon the various organs, is essentially necessary. There are no cathartics for the purpose equal to Dr. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time softening the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

They purify the body against disease by purging all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Deposits of Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Stomach, Constipation, Flatulency of the Stomach, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indurated Glands, the Clap, Gleet, Strain, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., are, in all other constitutional diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have their great curative powers in the most obstinate and inveterate cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Catarrhs, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Inter-mittent Fevers, Diseases of the Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, WALKER'S BITTERS have no equal. Such Diseases are cured by VITATED BLOOD.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Painting and Minerals, such as Painters, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and others, as they engage in life, are subjected to many of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetters, Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worm, Itch, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors, and all eruptions of the skin of whatever name, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of WALKER'S BITTERS.

Tape, and other Worms, which are the system of so many thousands, are actually destroyed and removed. No medicine, no vermifuge, no cathartic will free the system from worms as WALKER'S BITTERS.

For Female Complaints, in young girls, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Renew the VITATED BLOOD whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Boils. Renew it when you find it obstructed in the system in the veins. Renew it when it is found in your feelings tell you when it is the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

H. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Presidents of the Empire State Deaf-mute Association,
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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

A PAPER

FOR THE

DEAF & DUMB.

The Journal for 1875,

While adhering to its policy of the past, will seek to no increase and utilize its resources that the reader will receive the full benefit of them.

DEPARTMENT
EVERY
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THAT A PAPER OF ITS JOURNAL AIM WILL
ALWAYS BE PRETTY MUCH AS THEY
CHOOSE TO MAKE IT

CORRESPONDENCE.
We are always on the lookout for something new, and for everything interesting. We shall endeavor to have every Institution and School for the deaf represented in our columns, and we invite correspondence and contributions from every part of the globe. Newspaper clippings, &c., are always welcome, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

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OUR FOREIGN DEPARTMENT will be under the editorial charge of

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego U. S. N. Y.

Scrofula, or King's Evil,

is a constitutional disease, a corruption of the blood, by which the blood becomes vitiated, weak, and poor. Being in the circulation, it pervades the whole body, and may burst out in disease on any part of it. No organ is free from its attacks, nor is there one which it may not destroy. The scrofulous taint is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered or unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children."

Its effects commence by deposition from the blood of corrupt or ulcerous matter, which, in the lungs, liver, and internal organs, is termed tubercles; in the glands, swellings; and on the surface, eruptions or sores. This foul corruption, which renders in the blood, depresses the energies of life, so that scrofulous constitutions not only suffer from scrofulous complaints, but they have far less power to withstand the attacks of other diseases; consequently vast numbers perish by disorders which, although not scrofulous in their nature, are still rendered fatal by this taint in the system. Most of the consumption which decimates the human family has its origin directly in this scrofulous contamination; and many destructive diseases of the liver, kidneys, brain, and, indeed, of all the organs, arise from or are aggravated by the same cause.

One quarter of all our people are scrofulous; their persons are invaded by this lurking infection, and their health is undermined by it. To cleanse it from the system we must renovate the blood by salutary medicine, and invigorate it by healthy food and exercise. Such a medicine we supply in

AYER'S

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla,

the most effectual remedy which the medical skill of our time affords for this every-where prevailing and fatal malady. It is combined from the most active remedies that have been discovered for the expurgation of this foul disorder from the blood, and the rescue of the system from its destructive consequences. Hence it is the favorite medicine for the cure of not only Scrofula, but also those other affections which arise from it, such as Eruptions and SKIN DISEASES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE, or ERYSIPELAS, PIMPLES, PUSTULES, BLOTCHES, HAIRNS and BOILS, TUMORS, TETTER and SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORMS, LUMBAGO, SYMPHYLITIC and MERCURIAL DISEASES, DROPSY, DYSPENTIA, DEBILITY, and, indeed, ALL COMPLAINTS ARISING FROM VITATED OR IMPURE BLOOD. The popular belief in "impurity of the blood" is founded in truth, for scrofula is a degeneration of the blood. The particular purpose and virtue of this Sarsaparilla is to purify and regenerate this vital fluid, without which sound health is impossible in contaminated constitutions.

AYER'S
Ague Cure,

FOR THE SPEEDY CURE OF

Intermittent Fever, or Fever and Ague, Remittent Fever, Chill Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical Headache, or Bilious Headache, Stomachic Disturbance, and for the whole class of diseases originating in bilious derangement, caused by the impurity of the blood.

We are enabled here to offer the community a remedy which, while it cures the above complaints with certainty, is still perfectly harmless in any quantity. Such a remedy is invaluable in districts where these obnoxious disorders prevail. The "Cure" expels the miasmatic poison of FEVER and AGUE from the system, and prevents the development of the disease, if taken on the first approach of the preliminary symptoms. It is not only the best remedy ever yet discovered for this class of complaints, but also the cheapest. The large quantity we supply for a dollar brings it within the reach of every body, and in bilious districts, where FEVER and AGUE prevail, every body should have it and use it freely both for cure and protection. A great superiority of this remedy over any other ever discovered for the speedy and certain cure of Intermittents is that it contains no Quinine or mineral, consequently it produces no quinine or other injurious effects whatever upon the constitution. Those cured by it are left as healthy as if they had never had the disease.

Fever and Ague is not alone the consequence of the miasmatic poison. A great variety of diseases arise from its irritation, among which are Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Headache, Blindness, Toothache, Earache, Catarrh, Asthma, Palpitation, Painful Affection of the Spleen, Hydrops, Pains in the Bowels, Colic, Paralysis, and Derangement of the Stomach, all of which, when originating in this cause, put on the intermittent type, or become periodical. This "Cure" expels the poison from the blood, and consequently cures them all alike. It is an invaluable protection to immigrants and persons travelling or temporarily residing in the malarious regions of the world, occasionally or daily while exposed to the infection, that will be excreted from the system, and cannot accumulate in sufficient quantity to ripen into disease. Hence, those who value their health, and protection therefrom, and few will ever suffer from Intermittents if they avail themselves of the protection this remedy affords.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements of the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the PILLS with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by Ayer's PILLS, and stimulated into action. This action cleanses the system into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtue unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to take them, and a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these PILLS rapidly cure:—

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, and Stomachic Disturbance, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone.

For Liver Complaints and its various symptoms, Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice or Feverishness, Bilious Colic and Bilious Fevers, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For Erysipelas or Blotches, but one and one-half dose is generally required. For Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pains in the Side, Back and Loins, they should be continued, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For Dropsy and Dropsical Swellings, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For Suppression, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy. As a Dinner Pill, take one or two PILLS to promote digestion and relieve the stomach. An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often the only remedy for no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well, often finds that a dose of these PILLS makes him feel decidedly better, from the cleansing and "renovating" effect on the digestive apparatus.

Prepared by
Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Practical Chemists,
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